

Chapter Eleven

A Real Home At Last

Their first welcome home came at Fillmore on the wagon road north where Joseph stopped to visit with his sister, Betsy Green, at her stage station. It was a lucky day for him, for he had prayed that somehow he might find a way to provide for his growing family and his prayers were answered during his stop at Betsy's home. There he met a "government man" who was looking for someone to carry the mail from Provo to Echo, via Heber, Kamas, Rock Fort, Wanship and Coalville. When Joseph expressed an interest, the "government man" seemed to be very surprised, saying that he had been unable to find anyone willing to take the job, since it required carrying the mail twice each week over a hard 75 mile long route that included swimming both the Provo and Weber rivers no matter what the weather, both summer and winter. Joseph saw the answer to his prayers in that mail contract, and although his own horses were worn out from the long trip from "Dixie", he hoped that his boys at Heber City were by then big enough with enough strong horses to carry the mail. He knew that carrying the mail couldn't be any worse than what he had just been through, so rather than chance losing such an opportunity, he signed the contract. (1)

Their next stop was at American Fork where the weary travelers

rested for a day at Eunice's home. There they heard all of the news of the rest of the family at Heber Valley, and how well John H. had taken care of Eliza and Jane and all the children. He had kept them in food, although a lot of it was fish and wild game, but he had made little money to spend on shoes or other luxuries. On his return to Heber City Joseph found his family all in good health and his sons and daughters whom he hadn't seen for three long years all grown up. Margaret Ellen had been only a babe in arms when her father went away to "Dixie" and she found it hard to believe that all the big, half wild boys who ran to greet her were her own brothers!

When Joseph saw how well the boys had managed their farm while he was away, he was greatly relieved and glad that he had signed the mail contract, for they had plenty of good riding horses. They also had a good size sheep herd and quite a few cattle. Dave, Jim and Al all took turns carrying the mail, although some of the younger boys also helped at times. There is some confusion of how Dave became a "pony express" rider, for in his journal Joseph wrote that Dave went with him to the Muddy, but Dave later said that he spent the summer before he began carrying the mail at Heber City at his Aunt Betsy's stage station at Fillmore. He may have accompanied those going to the Muddy only part way and stopped at Fillmore, or perhaps on their return from the Muddy he was left for awhile at Betsy's. Whatever the case, we know that Dave had some experience carrying the mail at Fillmore. Betsy said that when one of the regular riders became sick, Dave volunteered to take his place and kept right on riding what he called the "pony express" for the next three months. Betsy paid him

full pay as an express rider and Dave spent almost all of his pay to buy his first pair of spurs!

The mail service started by Joseph Murdock was the first regular mail delivery at Heber Valley, so his many old friends were doubly glad to see him come home. John Gallagher was appointed as postmaster and he often later recalled that Joseph and his sons always got the mail through, irregardless of storms, deep snow or flooding rivers. They had many adventures carrying the mail, or riding the "pony express" as Dave called it.

On Dave's first trip to Echo, Joseph rode along to show him the trail. Dave was 15 years old then, but he had never seen a steam engine before. When they got to Echo on the Union Pacific line, Dave tied his horse to a nearby tree and walked up to take a closer look at the smoking, puffing engine. Joseph always got a good laugh out of telling what happened next. Just as Dave approached the engine, the engineer released a hot, noisy blast of steam which completely surrounded Dave with scalding steam, dust and flying cinders. Dave fled in terror and ran right into a pile of ties. He got up dirty, cut and bleeding and ran to his horse, afraid even to look back. He rode as fast as he could to the mail station where he told his father that the engine had blown up and that everyone but him had been killed! His adventure with the steam engine provided a good laugh at Dave's expense for many years! (2)

Not all of their "pony express" adventures were so easily laughed off, however, for in his journal Joseph tells of one incident which was much more serious. "With farming and carrying the mail,

I made out to live tolerably well, although we had to swim the Provo and Weber rivers, which was some dangerous. One time I was swimming the Provo when my horse reared up and over and I was caught under him, which was at the big slough by Billie Wright's place. I caught hold of a big willow and swung my horse against another willow, then pulling him by the bridle and getting the reins into my left hand, I hung onto the willow and unsaddled the horse with my right hand. I dragged myself and the horse from willow to willow until we got out alright."⁽³⁾ Imagine the difficulty of unsaddling a frightened horse under water in a swift and dangerous river by a man who couldn't swim!

That adventure was probably one of the few times Joseph ever used a saddle, for nearly everyone remembered him as a small man, strong and wiry, who always rode a small horse but hardly ever used a saddle or bridle, preferring to ride bareback or on a sheep skin, using a rope hackamore. It was often said that he could get more out of a horse than anyone else could. Even his children agreed that he cared little for appearance, and certainly never looked the part of a daring express rider.

When winter came Joseph quickly learned why no one else had taken the mail contract. Provo Canyon would become almost impassible, while deep snow along the trail between Kamas and Wanship tested the strength and courage of both horse and rider. And crossing the Provo and Weber rivers in below zero weather wasn't a sport many men cared for. The rivers were much larger and wilder before the days of diversion dams and irrigation canals. In his diary John Crook recalled that the

Provo River was a half mile wide and swift and deep, not the gentle stream it is today. And deep, drifting snow was almost as great a danger as was the rivers.

One cold winter night as Al approached Kamas riding through a blinding blizzard, he came upon a man in a sleigh half buried in the snow, unconscious and nearly frozen. Al unharnessed the man's team and turned it loose and then lifted the man from his sleigh and tied him across his saddle. Al gave his horse its head and hung onto its tail, hoping the horse would follow the storm buried trail. The man's life was saved when they reached Kamas, where Al left him and continued on to Echo. To Al it was all part of the day's work.⁽⁴⁾

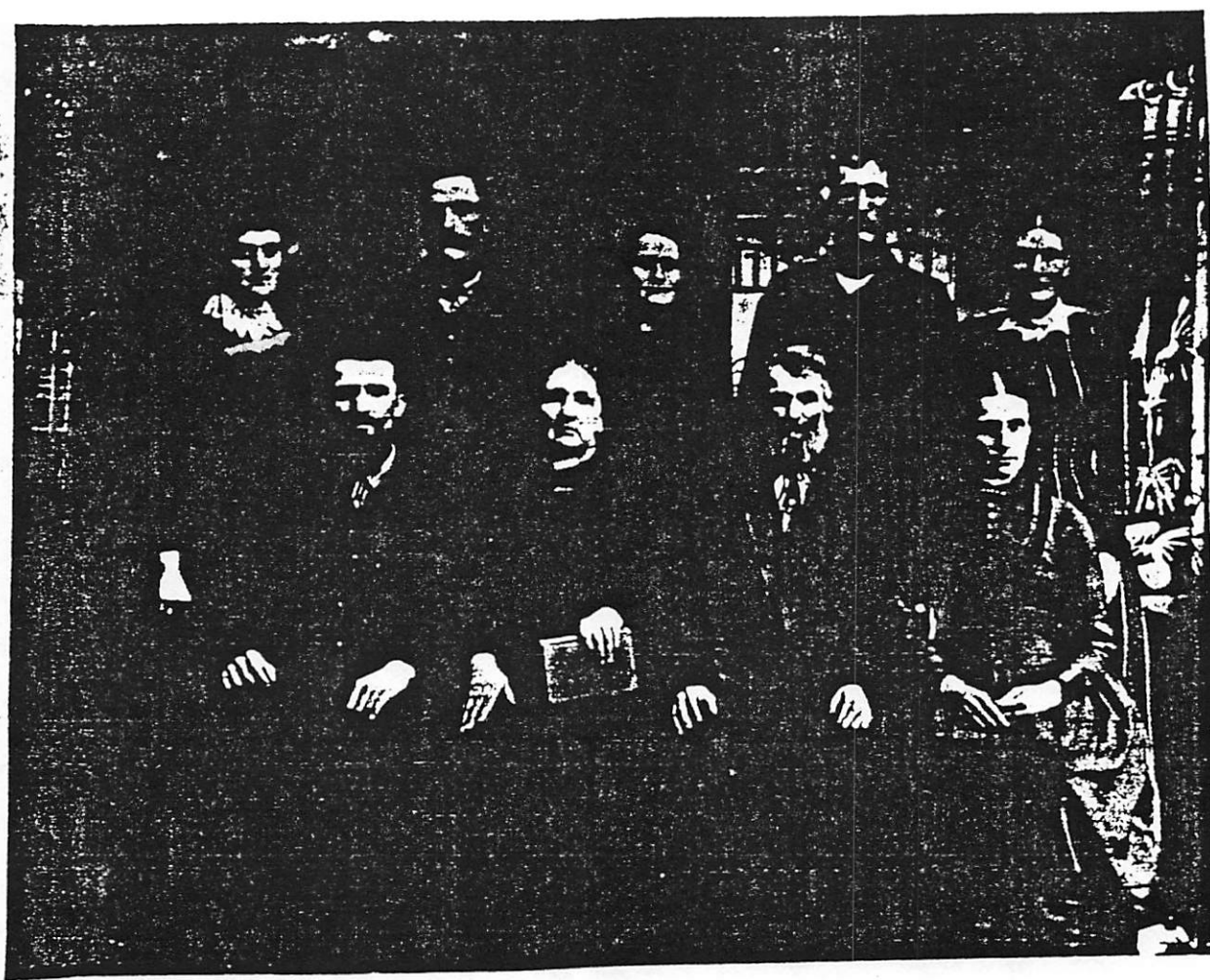
When the Indian agency was first established at Daniel's Canyon, Chief Tabby let his friend Joseph run livestock on reservation land. The Murdocks were the first to graze their sheep and cattle in the Strawberry Valley and later at Red Creek and along the Duschene River. As Pick, Joseph's adopted Indian son grew older, it seemed that he spent more time with the Utes than he did at home. All of the Utes knew that Pick was Bishop Murdock's son and that Chief Tabby and Bishop Murdock were close friends, so they understood that Pick and his white brothers and their livestock were to be left alone.

While Joseph was away at the Muddy, Pick and his white brothers were allowed to run their livestock on reservation land just as Joseph had been allowed to do. Dave and Al followed their father's footsteps and soon had stock of their own at the Strawberry and along the Duschene. Al especially seemed to inherit his father's understanding of the Indians. "They trusted him as they had trusted Joseph

and it wasn't long Until Al could speak the Ute language fluently. He was so well thought of that on one occasion Chief Tabby sent one of his braves all the way to Heber City to return a horse which Al had lost.

In only a few years both Dave and Al had ranchs at Red Creek and at the confluence of the Duschene and Strawberry rivers where in time the city of Duschene would be built. They also had a ranch at Slab Canyon where the Strawberry River roars out of the narrows downstream from Stinking Springs and Willow Creek. In those days a ranch might be only a log cabin or a brush lean-to with a cedar post corral, where a stock herder might live for only a few days each month. Wherever they had a ranch, the Murdock boys also had a store or a trading post where travelers or Indians could buy a few simple supplies. Although not officially recognized as traders, and probably even operating illegally, they did operate the first trading posts on the reservation. One day an inspector from Washington ordered the Indian Police to tear down Al's little one room store on the Duschene and remove him from the reservation. But their respect for Joseph Murdock and his sons was greater than their fear of Washington, so their leader replied, "Murdock knows the way if he wants to leave!"⁽⁵⁾

When the Murdocks first started running livestock at Strawberry Valley it was a rancher's paradise. Grass grew stirrup high, the streams were full of native trout and there were countless thousands of sage grouse. Dave later recalled finding buffalo skulls there, although the great shaggy beasts were all gone before white men arrived there. After the Indian agency at Tabiona burned and a new



Family of Joseph and Eliza Clark Murdock
 Back Row: Esther, Thomas, Rocksina, Calvin & Charlotta
 Front Row: John Heber, Eliza Clark, Joseph, Sarah Ann
 Author



Moroni Alva (Al) Murdock
 Pioneer Indian Trader and Prominent Stockman
 Author

one was established at White Rocks, Al leased sole grazing rights on the entire Ute Reservation for \$1,000 a year. Whenever he took a pack train of supplies to his cattle camps he would erect what Art Murdock later described as a "circus tent" where he would sell supplies to all who needed them. Joseph Rhoades described one of Al's "circus tent" stores. "When we arrived at the Duschene, Al Murdock had a tent store where he hauled in supplies such as bacon, hay, grain and dry goods, which he would sell or trade should anyone want to buy. We didn't have any money, but our stock needed hay. Al said, I know your father well, you don't need any money, so we got our hay." (6) Al later said that Indians were his best customers, and that over the years his bad debts from them amounted to less than \$100 while white men owed him thousands.

The winter of 1871-72 was particularly severe on the reservation, and supplies for the Indians which had been promised by the army weren't delivered. Al told his father about the hardships the Indians faced and Joseph contacted his old friend Daniel Jones, who agreed to take some needed supplies over the mountains. A supply train had never been taken to the reservation during the winter, and many doubted that it could be done, for the trail climbed over 10,000' high Lake Creek Pass, buried 40' deep in wind drifted snow. Jones constructed a large sled "of peculiar and original pattern" and on January 12th, 1872 he hired Nymphus Murdock to haul his sled from Provo to Heber Valley. After the sled was loaded with supplies, John Duke hauled it up Lake Creek to the end of road at the old sawmill. Bradley Sessions of Heber City agreed to attempt the hazardous trip with Jones.

"On leaving Heber City we took the most direct road over the pass, leading down into the West Fork of the Duschene. We were five days in reaching the ridge, where we could look back and see the town some 20 miles below. We crossed the divide into the West Fork where the weather was so cold we were afraid to stop to eat. The wind blew so cold we were forced to swallow a few bits of frozen meat and go on.

"We expected the descent would be much easier but we were mistaken. The whole bottom was covered with willows with just the tops sticking out, so that we had to tramp a trail before we could move the sled along. We finally reached the Main Fork of the Duschene after traveling eight days without rest. We moved down to old Fort Duschene (the 1868 agency near Tabiona) but were so weak we could hardly go on. I would look ahead a few rods and pick out some object, thinking it looked to be a more comfortable place to die than where I was.

"During the middle of the afternoon Sessions found an ear of corn on the snow. He broke it in two pieces and I ate my half, cob and all. Never before had I tasted anything so sweet and nourishing. We continued on and I soon found another ear of corn. We were strengthened immediately and commenced to walk at a regular pace. We arrived at the trader's cabin at nine o'clock at night. The Indians were glad to see me, saying I was a strong man with good legs. The goods we had promised Bishop Murdock we would deliver were delivered." (7)

Between his farm and mail contract, and helping his sons with their ranchs on the reservation, Joseph was kept busy, but at last he had time to sit back and watch the town he had helped build grow into a city. Heber's population had grown to more than 2,000 and

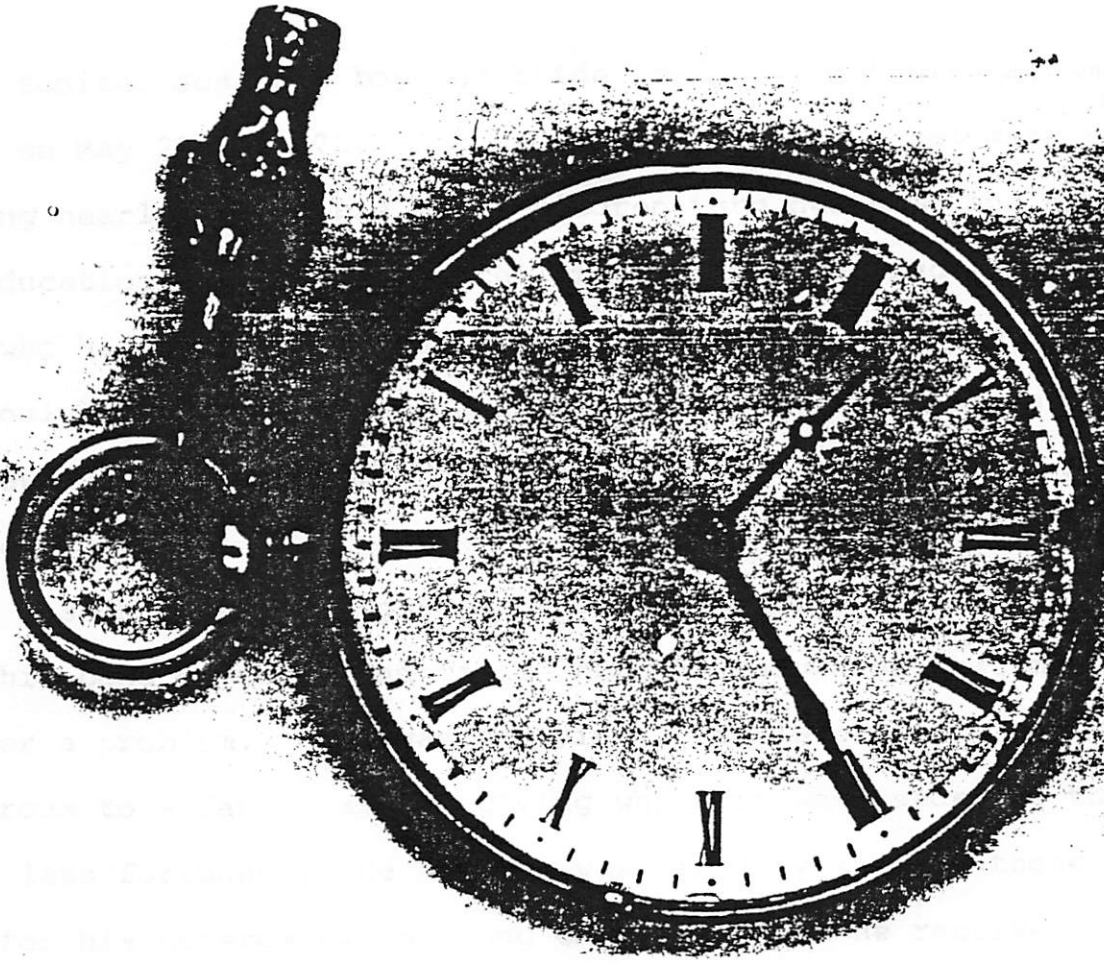
it boasted several new business houses. McMullen's Hotel had been built and ground was being broken for a new courthouse. Three more Murdock children were born, Edward Teancum to Pernetta on June 24th, 1872, Eunice Clara to Elizibeth on March 3rd, 1873 and Sara Jane to Jane on August 25th, 1874.

Jane was perhaps the most beloved of Joseph's wives by the townspeople. She spent countless hours taking care of the sick or helping wherever she could. She had a loom at which she spent many hours weaving carpets which she gave to anyone who needed them. She also made hundreds of rag rugs, coloring them with dye made from roots so they would be more beautiful. She could always be found carrying home-made cookies, bread or jelly to old folks or those who were sick.(8) Sarah Ann would later recall how Jane would clean and wash wool from their sheep, offspring from those first three sheep Sally Stacy Murdock had brought to Utah, dye and then spin the yarn made from it. All of the girls were taught to knit and they would each start with a measure of yarn and then see who could knit it up first. Wherever they went they took their knitting, for they had to knit a lot of stockings for so many pair of tiny legs.

On July 14th, 1877 Joseph was ordained as High Counsellor of the Wasatch Stake, a position he held for the remainder of his life. He was now looked to as a patriarch, often being called upon for counsel and advice, or to speak at civic and church meetings. In William Forman's journal we find, "A prayer circle has been organized at Heber, and it is expected that Patriarch Joseph Murdock will give us good instructions and advice."(9)



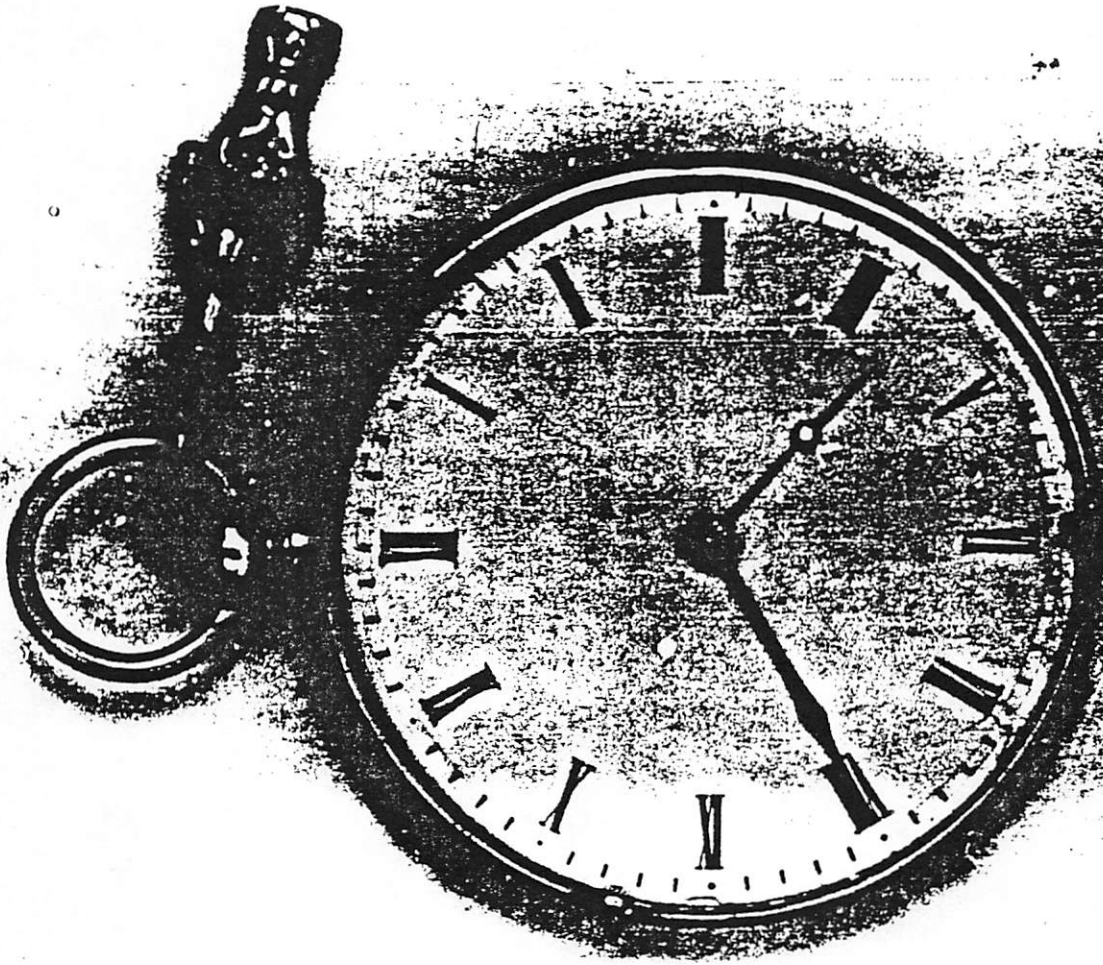
Brigham Young
 Just before his death and last meeting
 with Joseph Murdock in August, 1877
 Ut State Hist So



Gold pocket watch, given to Joseph Murdock by
 Brigham Young as a token of their friendship
 Courtesy: Joseph Cope, Salt Lake City



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Just before his death and last meeting
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Gold pocket watch, given to Joseph Murdock by
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Eunice, Joseph's boyhood bride from New York died at American Fork on May 27th, 1872. She had been a wonderful helpmate to him, taking nearly all of his many children into her home and giving them an education as good as any children of that day received. It was she who had raised Pick and Pernetta as if they were her own children. Now only Nymphus, and his sister Betsy remained as ties to their home at New York and later the days of privation and misery at Nauvoo and Winter Quarters.

Joseph's farm and garden produced food enough for his family and his band of sheep and cattle herd had grown so that meat was no longer a problem. Life was becoming a little easier. But Joseph was generous to a fault, always giving whatever was needed to those who were less fortunate. He felt it was his duty to help those in need, and for his generosity and long church service he received an especially meaningful gift of thanks from Brigham Young. A grand-daughter, Millie Murdock told how it came about.

"Grand-father was always ready to share what he had, and one day he took a number of cattle to Salt Lake City where he went to President Young's office and told him he wanted to give the cattle to be used for the good of the church. Tears came to President Young's eyes, and he said, Joseph, the church does need money very badly right now, and you have come at just the right time to help. He then took his gold watch from his pocket and said, Joseph, take this. I want you to have it to show that I value you as a special friend, not only to the church, but to me personally."⁽¹⁰⁾

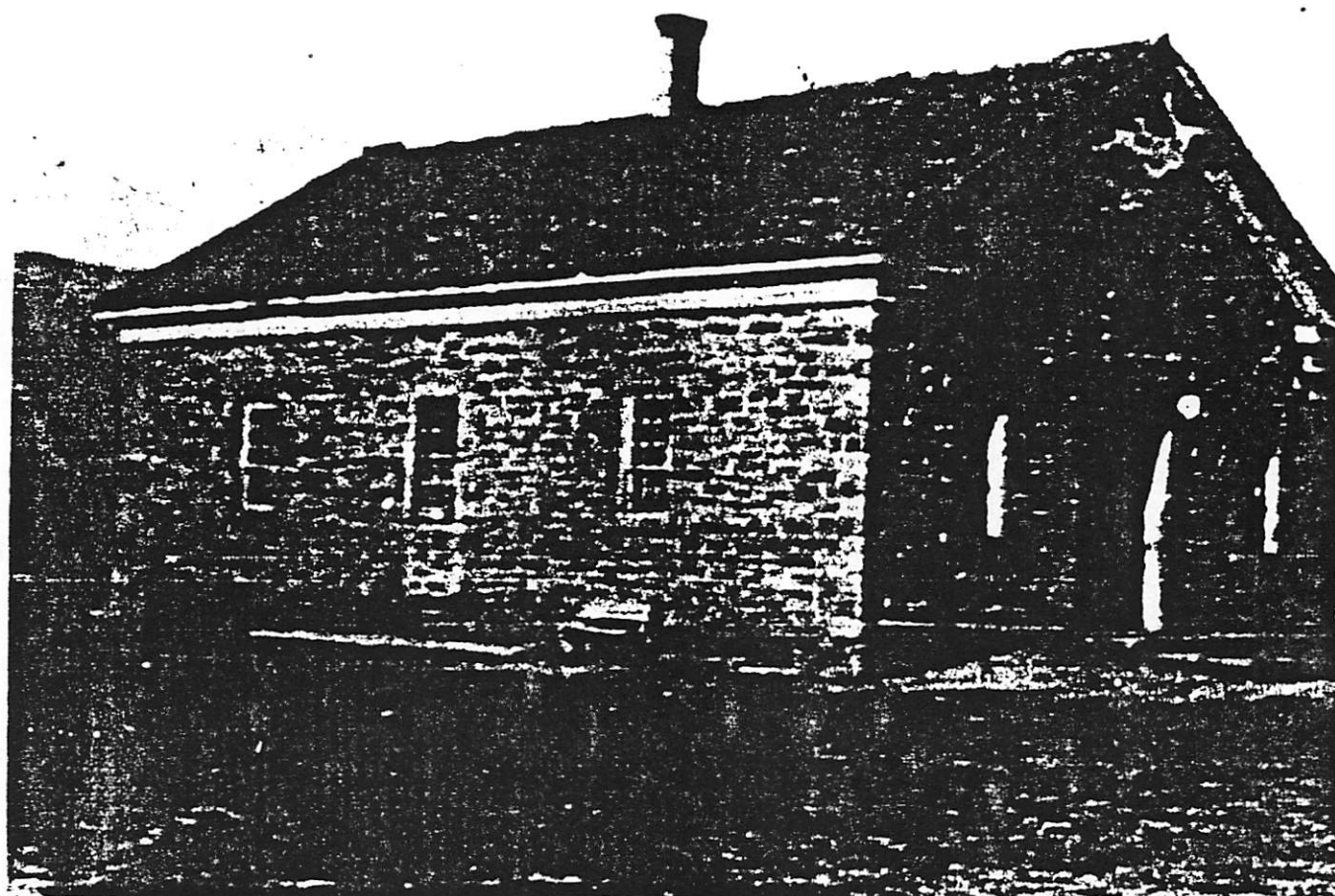
At about the same time that Joseph was called to the Muddy, his brother Nymphus had been called on a mission to the Eastern States, where he served for a year. When Nymphus returned to Charleston he entered into business with a renewed energy. Charleston had grown from a tiny hamlet into a regular little town. A school house was built and Nymphus purchased the windows for it at his own expense. In 1873 the Deseret News reported, "Nymphus Murdock has opened a general store at Charleston where he will sell for cash or will take goods in trade." Nymphus was on his way to becoming financially secure. Two years later he purchased a half interest in the town's first creamery and also owned an interest in a sawmill. He was appointed as first Bishop of the Charleston Ward when it was organized in 1877 and served in that position for the next 24 years, and was a Patriarch in the church after that until his death. He was also Charleston's first Postmaster, holding that position for 25 years and was a school trustee for 15 years.

Nymphus fought the tobacco habit all his life, and he was known to take a sip of spirits now and then, something that didn't always set well with some of his straight-laced ward members. One day a dissatisfied ward member reported Nymphus to Stake President Abrahm Hatch, for breaking the Word of Wisdom. The complaint was duly considered, and then President Hatch said, "Will you please inquire for me what kind of grog Bishop Murdock drinks? I would like to buy a quart of it for each Bishop in the Stake. Perhaps it would arouse them to a sense of their responsibilities!"⁽¹¹⁾

Nymphus was generous with everyone, whether Saint or gentile. He often loaned money when he knew it wouldn't be repaid and he con-



Early photo of Heber City, Joseph Murdock's last home.
Author



Old First Ward Meeting House, Heber City
Joseph Murdock's last home.

tributed to every community and church charity. He personally financed construction of the Charleston Amusement Hall, and when it was completed, he deeded it to the church. In church sermons he often said, "All I have belongs to the Lord. And I am willing at any time to give my all." (12)

In August, 1877 Joseph went to Salt Lake City to confer with Brigham Young, and he was shocked to see how his old friend had aged. He asked Brigham if he was alright, and later recorded their conversation. "Brigham said to me, I feel that I will not be here much longer with this people. I asked him, are you sick or ailing? No, he replied, I never felt better in my life, but I feel I have accomplished my special mission. I have our people firmly established in the valleys of the mountains, and I have lived to see Stakes of Zion organized all over the territory. One temple is completed and others are being built. I feel that my labors will soon be on the other side of the veil." (13)

Joseph left President Young's office with a heavy heart, and he couldn't help but remember how more than 30 years earlier he had been with the Prophet Joseph just before his death. He returned to Heber City where only a few days later he learned that Brigham Young had died on August 29th, 1877 with the Prophet's name on his lips. His last words were, "Joseph, Joseph, Joseph!" (14)

The first settlers at Heber Valley had chosen a site for a cemetery, and Joseph was one of the first to grub sagebrush and haul rocks so that it could be planted in grass. For his labors he was given a deed to a large plot, large enough to provide burial

places for his entire family, the entire plot then valued at \$5! Joseph and all of his wives, except Eunice who is buried at American Fork, and many of his children are now buried there. At the request of Bishop Abrahm Hatch, Dave built the first fence around the cemetery during the early 1870's. All of the graves there have markers bearing the usual name and pertinent dates, all except one, for a small red sandstone monument has only the letters T T on it. The story of how that small stone came to be there is one of faith and friendship between Joseph Murdock and his Lamanite brothers.

One day a strangely silent line of Indian riders came down out of the mountains and made their way to Joseph's home. Except for a low wailing among the women there was hardly a sound from them. As the riders approached, Joseph recognized Chief Tabby in the lead, and in his arms was the body of a young boy. After a subdued greeting Chief Tabby told Joseph that the body was that of his son, who had been killed in an accident while hunting. The Chief knew that Joseph was the religious leader among his people, so he asked that Joseph bury his son in the custom of the Mormons. With a feeling of great sorrow for his friend, Joseph conducted a Christian funeral service and had Tom Tabby buried under a beautiful pine which had been planted several years before by John H.

When the final prayer was complete, Chief Tabby said, "My son has been buried in the white man's custom, now he will be honored in the Indian fashion." A rick of cedar logs was then laid up on the new grave and the boy's favorite pony was led up to it, where its throat was cut and the animal laid on the logs which were set afire.

Chief Tabby explained that his son now had a pony to ride in the hereafter. As the fire burned low Chief Tabby thanked his friend Joseph, and then with a heavy heart the old Chief led his people back into the mountains.

Several days later Joseph cut the initials T T for Tom Tabby onto a sandstone marker and placed it at the head of the grave. Today it is almost overgrown under what is now a giant pine, but it is easily recognized, for the letters T T can still be read and it is the only grave in the cemetery laid out north to south, after the Indian custom. Like the large and impressive monument on the courthouse lawn, it is a memorial to the peace Joseph Murdock brought between his people and the Ute Indians.⁽¹⁵⁾

Many of Joseph's sons and daughters now had wives and husbands of their own, even though his own wives were still giving birth to babies who were their brothers and sisters. To the younger children, those his children sometimes jokingly called his "second crop", their older sisters and brothers seemed more like aunts and uncles. Joseph Gideon was born to Elizibeth on March 26th, 1876 while Royal Stacy was born to Jane the following year, on March 11th, 1878. Franklin Judson, Fernetta's last child, was born on October 12th, 1877. Erastus Coridon was born to Elizibeth on May 26th, 1879 and she also gave birth to Joseph's last child, Andrew Hunter on November 15th, 1881. Although Eunice remained childless and his first child wasn't born until nearly ten years after Hyrum Smith told him he would have a large progeny, no one could doubt the truth of the Patriarch's blessing, for his wives had given him 32 children!



Joseph Stacy Murdock & Eliza Clark Murdock

Photo taken during their last years

Courtesy: Josenh Cone, Salt Lake City



Eliza Clark Murdock

Photo taken during her last years

Parley was fast becoming a prominent business man, while Milton, always called "Pilt" by his family and friends had been elected Heber City Constable. Edward, Pernetta's oldest son was growing into a large well built man who excelled in sports, and was the pride of the cities softball team. He was also an accomplished musician and often played for dances at Pryde's Hall at Center Creek. Will often accompanied him, being a fine banjo player. But Ab, Pernetta's son born on the Muddy, although a handsome young man, had wild Indian blood which seemed to make him wilder, more reckless and daring than his brothers. Although especially well educated, he chose to spend much of his time on the reservation where he often got into trouble. Though only a teen-ager, his wild ways and troubles caused by too much "fire water" were becoming an ever increasing problem for Joseph.

Al operated a sawmill high on the Provo River where he and several of his brothers would cut sawlogs during the winter and then float them downstream to Heber Valley during the spring floods. On May 3rd, 1881 Al and his brother Nymphus Hyrum, Jane's son, were floating logs downstream to Heber. The Provo River was wide, deep, cold and swift. A log jam built up behind some submerged rocks, and Nymphus ran from log to log trying to break them loose. A heavy log carried swiftly by the roaring current bore down on him from behind. Al yelled to his brother, but Nymphus couldn't hear him over the roar of the river and was struck in the back by the heavy log and was carried into the foaming torrent. It was a heart-breaking day for Joseph and Jane when Al brought his brother's broken body home to

Heber. Nymphus Hyrum was only 24 years old. (16)

Al was becoming a leading business man in the community, and he was always increasing the size of his livestock herds. He took charge of a large cooperative herd numbering 1,000 head of cattle and ran them with his own stock at Strawberry Valley. At one time his herd and the coop herd numbered more than 3,000 animals. Co-Op Creek was named for the cooperative herd he grazed there, while Murdock Basin was named for Al.

Al had a reputation as being a close man with money, and would pay in beef, hides or almost anything to avoid paying in cash, but George Olson recalled how one man got the best of him. Al had a hay field on Lake Creek where he hired a friend of Olson's to irrigate for him. When the man insisted on being paid in cash, Al reluctantly agreed to pay him 13¢ an hour, with the understanding that he could work only as many hours as was necessary to irrigate the field. The hired man worked until he became exhausted and then lay down in the field where he fell asleep. He slept almost all night and awoke only when the water backed up onto him. He billed Al for irrigating 24 hours straight. Al was furious, but finally paid up, telling Olson, "He's a darn good irrigator, that fellow is!" (17)

Dave was involved in many things, including mining at Park City. He owned a quarter interest in the Wasatch Mine, where he helped run a 100' tunnel. Parley organized the Center Creek Irrigation Company and helped build several reservoirs on Center Creek and Lake Creek. Later Pilt helped organize the Lake Creek Irrigation Company. In May, 1884 Joseph's oldest son, John H. was called to serve on a



John Heber and wife Mary Elvira Murdock
at the time of his mission to Arica
Sept. 1847. (Heber's photo album)

mission at St. Johns, Arizona Territory.

When the Indian Agency on the Duschene River burned, a new agency was established at Fort Duschene, but the largest settlement of Ute Indians was at their village at White Rocks. Al started a trading post there very early and in time his tent store grew into a false front wooden building which was later taken over by the regular agent when one was officially appointed. Al's store burned during the 1930's. His store had an adjoining room where later government employees lived. Before an agent was officially appointed the Utes looked to Al for help. He was so respected by them that it was said that no Indian ever stole a cow bearing the Murdock brand.

Frank, Pernetta's son ran the store at White Rocks after Al established it and Pick also worked there and made White Rocks his home from that time on. Although not a Ute, Pick was an accepted member of the Ute Tribe and was given an allotment of 40 acres. He lived in a small building located behind the village's jail. Pick was well educated and often acted as an interpreter for the army stationed at Fort Duschene. Pick was a skilled gambler and could easily make his living that way. Al knew that gambling on the reservation was illegal, but said that he couldn't see that it hurt anything since the Indians only gambled among themselves and the gold that changed hands stayed on the reservation.

Pick was also a skilled prospector, and shipped the first ore mined on the reservation, from the Uinta River Canyon. He also discovered the famous Dyer Mine located north of Vernal, which shipped some \$3,000,000 in copper ore. He worked with Jesse Ewing

at his silver mines in Ewing Canyon and probably discovered the rich outcrops near Elkhorn (Hailstone) which were later developed into the New Park Mine. Some say that he and Lee Murdock discovered the famous Silver King Mine at Park City.⁽¹⁸⁾

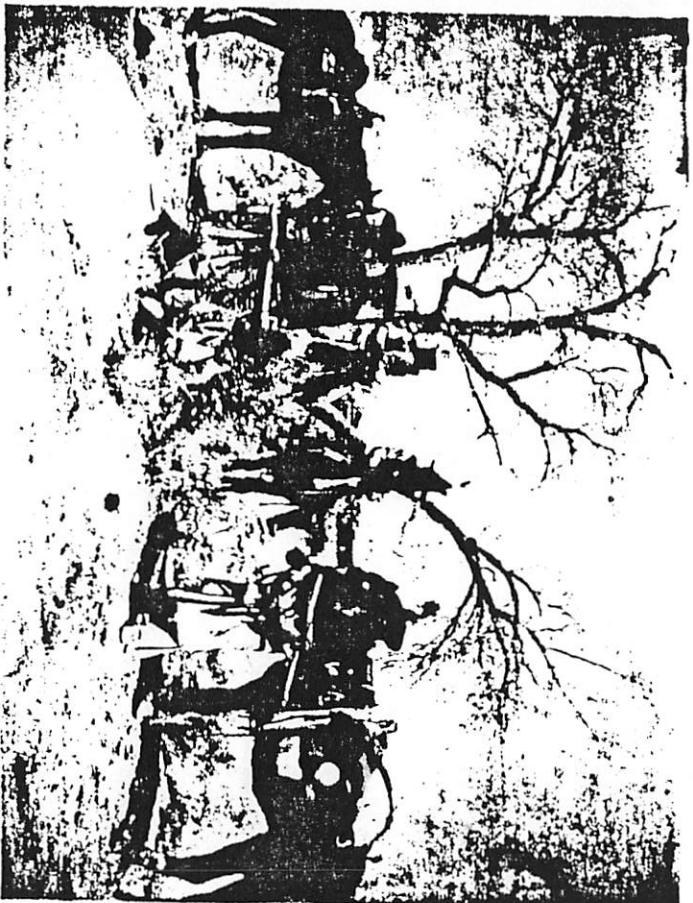
Of interest to many was Pick Murdock's close relationship with Caleb Rhoades of Lost Rhoades Mine fame. Rhoades frequently went to his rich gold mines by way of the Murdock Trading Post and the White Rocks village and river canyon, and often Pick would go with him. Art Murdock spent many of his summers at White Rocks and remembered Pick's acquaintance with Rhoades. "One day Pick asked me if I wanted to go with him and Rhoades, but I was a teen age boy then, more interested in watching the Indians gamble than I was in mining, which sounded a lot like hard work to me. The Indians had a gambling ground about a mile upstream from White Rocks where white men weren't allowed, but since I was part Indian they paid no attention to me. When Pick and Rhoades came back several days later, they gave me a large fist size chunk of gold ore. I set it on the window ledge at Frank's store, and it remained there for many years. I don't know what became of it, but since then I have often wished that I had gone with Pick and Rhoades to their secret mine!"⁽¹⁹⁾

In 1880 John Taylor, Joseph's friend of Nauvoo days and fellow pioneer on the trail west became President of the LDS Church. On August 26th, 1883 President Taylor with George Q. Cannon and Wilford Woodruff stopped at Heber City to visit with Joseph and reminisce over old times together. They remembered how Joseph had returned President Taylor's oxen to him during the Exodus from Nauvoo and that Woodruff's

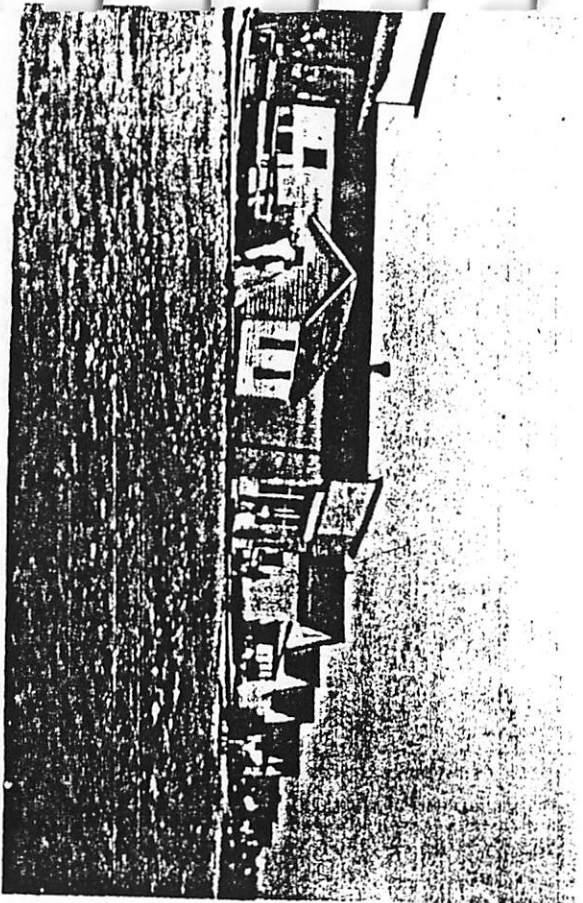
son had accompanied Joseph on the Muddy Mission. Joseph attended conference with them and bore his testimony that the gospel was true. Joseph was frequently called upon to speak at various ward houses throughout the valley and liked to tell of Joseph Smith's last words to him, that "It looks dark ahead, but my light is in the West", and also of his last conversation with Brigham Young. William Forman's journal tells how on July 1st, 1883 Joseph addressed a large meeting, recalling early church history at New York and Nauvoo, and of the trek to Salt Lake Valley and his missions to Carson Valley and the Muddy River, "bearing his testimony and giving good counsel to the members." (20)

Only a few months later Joseph received the sad news that his half-sister Betsy had been killed not far from her stage station near Fillmore on August 6th, 1883. Betsy was 73 years old and had in late years become quite deaf. She was walking across the railroad track and never heard a train approaching, which struck and killed her. She was buried at American Fork. Her sudden and unexpected death was not easy for Joseph.

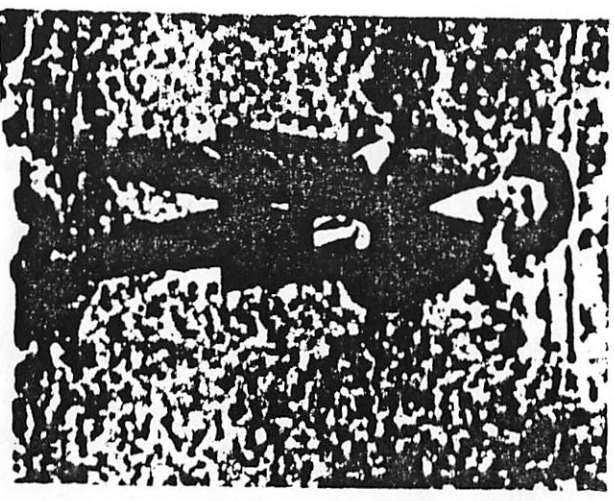
On November 18th, 1884, only a year after Betsy's tragic death, Joseph's youngest wife, Pernetta, died at Heber City. Her exact age wasn't known, but she had been about 5 years old when Joseph accepted her from Porter Rockwell in 1849. Although at first he had been reluctant to marry Pernetta, who he had thought of as a daughter, she had proven to be a great blessing and comfort to him, just as Brigham Young had foreseen. She had borne him five fine children and had done much to help him in his dealings with the Indians at Heber Valley and while on the Muddy River Mission. Unfortunately,



Ute Indians, blood brothers to Pick & Parnetta
Murdock and proven friends of Joseph Murdock
Ut State Hist So



White Rocks Indian Settlement, where Pick &
Frank Murdock operated Al Murdock's store.
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Pick Murdock, adopted Indian
son of Joseph Murdock. Trader,
prospector and miner.
Author

no photo of Pernetta is known to exist, but all who knew her recall that she was a beautiful person, and the features of her children bear that out. "Aunt Nettie" was a great favorite among all of Joseph's children and her loss was a great sorrow to him as well as to his remaining wives and the rest of the family.

Not long afterwards Joseph suffered a near fatal fall from a bucking horse, which he described. "In the year 1887 I was thrown from a horse. Riding along early, with my halter hanging loose, I passed by a woman who came to her door to shake a bed spread. The horse saw it and jumped and I caught on his hips and flung my legs into his flanks and scared him. He commenced jumping stiff legged and threw me as far as he could. I struck on my chest on the hard road and burst my right lung. I was very bad and for awhile it was doubtful that I would recover, but I made the riffle alright." (21) Not bad for a man 65 years old!

Footnotes - Chapter 11

1. Journal JSM
2. Handwritten notes of interview with David N. Murdock, WPA Writer's Project, USHS
3. Journal JSM
4. Heart Throbs Of The West, Vol 6, Pg 442, DUP, SLC
5. Ibid, Pg 443
6. Footprints In The Wilderness, Pg 351, Gale Rhoades, Dream Garden Press, 1980, SLC
7. Forty Years Among The Indians, Pg 172 - 181, Jones, Bookcraft, 1960
8. How Beautiful Upon The Mountains, Pg 436, DUP, 1963
9. Diary of William Forman, USHS
10. Journal JSM
11. Men Of The Rockies, Pg 55, Hanks, 1944
12. How Beautiful Upon The Mountains, Pg 1003, DUP, 1963
13. Journal JSM
14. Essentials Of Church History, Pg 459, J.F. Smith, Deseret Book, 1950
15. Interview with Paul Murdock, February 15th, 1972, SLC
16. Journal JSM, Also, Diary of William Forman, USHS
17. Interview with George Olson, February 4th, 1972, Heber City, Utah
18. Footprints In The Wilderness, Pg 329, Gale Rhoades, Dream Garden Press, SLC, 1980, Also, Interview with Brigham A. Murdock, February 4th, 1972, Heber City.
19. Interview with Arthur Murdock, SLC, February 10th, 1972
20. Diary of William Forman, USHS
21. Journal JSM